

On Melancholy Hill by impatienthoover

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Summary:

Spending his entire day in an arcade was definitely better than going to a crack den and getting murdered by a fucking clown monster. Nonetheless Richie did miss how things were before even if he would never admit it, especially his friend (crush) Eddie. It was impossible to make new friends in Derry, that is until one day he meets a new boy at the arcade, Connor.

Don't worry boys, it's a Reddie fic.

1. The Secret Handshake

After the split up of the Loser Club, Richie wants to spend his summer as he had initially planned to, playing Street Fighter until his fingers go numb. Bill and Beverly had good intentions but going into a killer clown's house was just plain stupid. Spending his entire day in an arcade was definitely better than going to a crack den and getting murdered by a fucking clown monster. Nonetheless he did miss how things were before even if he would never admit it. Richie chuckles at the idea of playing Street Fighter with Eddie. With all his training, Eddie would be instantly knocked out by Richie's new skills. Stan would roll his eyes and Mike would shake his head as Eddie and Richie bickered over the arcade game. Meanwhile, Beverly, Bill and Ben would die of laughter watching the two fight like an old couple. It's not that Richie was opposed to making new friends, but it was almost impossible in Derry. Everyone knew that associating with him would make them automatically a loser and a target for the Bowers Gang. Richie had accepted the reality of being alone for the rest of the summer and focused on his one goal, beating Street Fighter. Richie focuses back on the machine and readies his hand for the next battle. For now, he would only get the satisfaction of beating a machine. Richie's character punches and kicks his opponent until he has dealt enough damage and the foe falls to the ground.

"You must defeat Sheng Long to stand a chance" the injured opponent announces on the screen.

"Oh shit" he stretches out his fingers and waits for the next opponent, 'M. Bison'.

"You're going down Nazi fucker!" he grins leaning his body against the machine.

"Come on!" Richie mashes the buttons and narrowly wins the battle using the special attack 'Hadouken'. The ending credits began to play following an 'insert coin' screen "Where the fuck is Sheng Long?". Richie stares at the screen in disbelief.

"I'll give you a long Scheng" he mutters under his breath.

“Wow, you’re awesome!”

Richie is startled by the voice behind him. He turns around to see an unfamiliar boy with blonde curls smiling at him. Richie feels a flutter in his chest and his face warm up. He hopes the boy can’t see how flustered he is.

“Oh thanks”

“Street Fighter, right?”

Richie nods. This boy was clearly not from Derry so he wasn’t aware that Richie was someone that you should stay away from.

“Uhm...where are you from?”

“California but I’m staying here for the summer with my Uncle”

“Cool. I’m Richie”

“Connor”

“Well Connor...do you want to play a round?” Richie points at the Street Fighter machine.

“yeah absolutely, Ryu or Ken?”

“I’m definitely Ryu”

“I guess he does look sort of like you” Connor chuckles

Richie adds another arcade coin into the slot. As Connor walks to the left side of Richie, a shiver runs up his spine.

Calm Richie. Wait..wait how do I play this fucking game again? Ok...It’s normal to be nervous playing against an actual real human rather than a machine.

“Round one...fight!” the speakers blares and the battle begins. Connor immediately deals some serious damage to Richie’s character.

“Motherfucker!” Richie’s character fights back and he beats Connor with only a small amount of health remaining. “Holy shit, you have

definitely played this more than a few times”

“Well I have been bored shitless in this town”

“yeah Derry is a shit hole man” Richie says in his Pancho Vanilla voice. “This town smells like Caca Senior!” He pinches his nose

Connor chuckles at Richie’s bad impersonation.

“You’re weird but funny”

Richie smiles softly at the compliment

“Richie Tozier’s the name, and doing voices is my game”

“Well you are a good opponent too Tozier” Connor places his arm over Richie’s shoulder. “Come on dude I’m thirsty, let’s grab a soda at Mickie’s...on me”.

Richie knows that Mickie’s was where Henry Bower and his gang hung out, so he had usually avoided going there if possible. However, he didn’t want to seem strange to his new friend. Richie sighs with relief when the Bower’s gang is nowhere in sight. They each grab a soda and sit on a bench near the giant Paul Bunyan statue.

“Dude I don’t know how you survive living here”

“Well once I finish high school, I’m going to go as far away from here as I can”

“Where to?”

“Anywhere, as long as I’m not in Derry. The first thing I do when I get out of here is lose these stupid glasses and get contacts” Richie readjusts his glasses “My friend once told me that people have gotten them stuck in the back of their eye and then got these real nasty infections, but I don’t care. I’m not wearing these things for the rest of my life. Besides, he worries about everything...he’s just like that”

“Really? Well let’s see what you look like without them” Connor suddenly grabs Richie’s oversized glasses.

“What the shit? I can’t see a fucking thing!” Richie protests reaching out for his glasses.

“Not bad Tozier. Now all you need to complete the Ryu look is a headband” Connor touches Richie’s arm and Richie hopes its just the coldness of Connor's hand that makes his breathing uneven.

“and bigger muscles” Connor grins before letting go of his arm to Richie’s disappointment.

“Well, without my glasses you just look like a big blur”

“How about now?” Connor pushes back Richie’s hair that has fallen in front of his face and places the glasses back. Connor is so close to Richie that it frightens him. It frightens him more than any clown could. Richie can clearly see his big blue eyes looking back at him and his golden curly hair and the few freckles that he has on his face and neck, but he obviously isn’t going to tell Connor that. I mean the boy already knows he’s good looking.

“Give me your hand” Connor grins moving closer to Richie.

“Huh?”

Connor holds Richie’s wrist. He puts Richie’s palm on top of his and shows him to drag his fingers across the other boy’s palm as they separate.

“It can be our secret handshake”

Connor entwines his fingers with Richie’s and softly squeezes his hand. Richie smiles shyly back at Connor. He likes the feeling but fears it too. Connor pulls away quickly.

“Uh, I gotta go”

Richie is confused by Connor's sudden departure.

“Wait” Richie calls as Connor starts to walk away “Are you going to be at the arcade tomorrow?”

“Of course!” Connor waves back, “I have to beat you at Street

Fighter, right?”

Richie grins widely giving him the middle finger and watches him walk away. Richie remains for a while on the bench thinking about how Connor had held his hand. He liked Connor, he really liked Connor. He was handsome and witty. Richie thought about how badly he wanted to kiss Connor. He thought of how they could go to the kissing bridge and how Connor could press his lips against his and all his worries would just go away. Just for that moment there would be no bullies, no killer clowns and no fear of rejection. It could be a secret just between the two of them.

2. Rampage

Summary for the Chapter:

Warning: The f slur is said a few times by the lovely Henry Bowers

Richie can't help but smile like an idiot as he walks out of his house the next day.

"Ah Hello Richard! How is your Father?" He turns and sees his neighbour watering her plants.

"Good, Mrs Miller"

"You seem to have a spring in your step. Is there a special girl in your life?"

"Yeah but she's due in a week so I'm going to have two special girls soon". Mrs Miller is left dumbfounded as Richie chuckles and continues walking. "See ya later, Mrs Miller".

He walks into the arcade and exchanges money for some arcade tokens. As he picks up the coins and shoves them in his pocket, he notices Connor entering the arcade. He grins widely and waves at Connor but his cheeks warm up when Connor doesn't return the smile. As Connor approaches, Richie notices that Connor's mind is occupied by something else.

"Was that you yesterday?"

"What?"

"Sorry I know this is weird to ask but uh...did you come by my Uncle's house yesterday?" Richie shook his head in confusion.

"You ok Connor?"

"It's just...never mind...Just a stupid fucking dream"

Connor isn't afraid of me, it doesn't make sense. No...no fucking way it's

the clown.

Connor shakes his head “Sorry man...it’s nothing. Forget about it”

“So...you are dreaming about me, huh?”

“Shut up” Connor smirks and nudges Richie. “You know, you are the coolest person I met here, but that’s not saying much”

“Oh shut up fuckface” Richie gently pushes Connor back. “I was going to bring you on a special Richie Tozier Tour of Derry but now you’re going to have to find my cool hangout spots all by yourself”

“Shame. Would a tour have included a visit to the kissing bridge?”

Richie fidgets with an arcade coin in his hand

“Uh maybe”

Connor gives a half-hearted smile.

“I’ve been dying to play Rampage but it’s always surrounded by people. Wanna play?”

“Sure. I can beat your ass at Street Fighter later”

Connor rolls his eyes and places two coins in the rampage machine.

“So...uhm how do you play this?” Richie asks. For all the times he has been at this arcade, he never really cared for any other arcade game besides Street Fighter.

“Well, you can pick between 3 monsters, a giant gorilla, a werewolf and... ”

“Oh shit. I can be fucking King Kong!” Richie exclaims pounding his chest. “and his name is George...the fuck?”

If Eddie were here, I would compare the gorilla to Eddie’s large mother but inform him that I still intend to do her. Richie smiles at the thought of Eddie telling him to shut the fuck up.

Richie and Connor go through many rounds of the game until they

start to struggle keeping up with the increase in difficulty. They both try to fight back but continue to take damage from enemy bullets and dynamite. Richie and Connor are overwhelmed when swarms of enemies surround them. Connor's character accidentally hits Richie and the gorilla character reverts to a naked man covering himself with his hands as he walks off the screen. The game is shortly over when Connor loses his final bit of health.

"Shit, sorry Richie"

"Ah it's ok. It's not really my type of game anyway. So...those monsters were actually humans?"

"Yeah they used to be human, but they got all mutated and shit" Connor looks concernedly at Richie. "Do you think that could actually happen Richie? Like...a person turning into a monster?"

"I don't know. Probably in Area 51. I feel like that place is just crawling with weird shit".

"Anyway, enough mucking about. We have a game of Street Fighter to play young fello!" Richie says in a posh English accent. Connor snickers.

"Ok. But you are definitely losing this time"

Both boys look attentively at the screen for the game to begin. Richie is off to a lead. As his hands go on auto mode, he glances at Connor. He smiles at how cute Connor is when he is focused.

"Come on!" Richie exclaims as he puts his effort back into the game.

"Ken you little bitch" Connor says as he yet again is defeated by Richie. "You're fucking good" Connor says breathlessly. He reaches his hand out to Richie for their secret handshake. Richie wants to hold onto his hand forever, but he knows he can't, not in public anyway. They look into each other's eyes for a moment before Connor lets go of his hand abruptly.

"Uh well I got to go"

Richie feels a loud thump in his chest. He quickly picks up another

arcade coin.

“Hey uhm how about we go again?”

Richie is unaware of Bower’s Gang approaching the two boys but Connor’s ears twitch to the annoying sound of his cousin’s gang. They are quickly swarming in on the two boys.

“Play some more you know...only if you want to...” Richie hates how desperate his voice sounds.

“dude why are you being weird? I’m not your fucking boyfriend!”

Richie freezes as other kids in the arcade start to notice and turn towards the confrontation.

“wow I..I didn’t” he stutters.

“the fucks going on here?” Henry appears from behind Connor. Richie wants to crawl into a hole and die.

“You assholes didn’t tell me your town was full of little fairies!”

“Richie fucking Tozier? Wait...you trying to bone my little cousin?”

Richie can’t move. He can’t believe Connor is Henry Bower’s cousin. Connor, the seemingly confident guy looks so small now.

“Get the fuck out of here faggot!” Henry shouts which gains the attention of the entire arcade. A few kids give Richie dirty looks as Richie walks backwards slowly. He takes one last look at Connor and wishes that he would turn back into the guy he liked. “Fucking move!” Henry howlers again. Richie knows that if he doesn’t leave soon, he’ll end up with a bloody nose...or worse. Henry Bowers hates ‘faggots’ the most and although Henry calls everyone that, if you were actually one, Henry could probably justify murdering you. Richie runs out of the arcade to the Paul Bunyan statue. He sits on the same bench that he had sat on with Connor the previous day. He sniffs and rubs his blood shot eyes with his hands as he tries to come to terms with Connor’s sudden change.

I thought he liked me. I thought I could finally have someone like me

back. Connor is going to tell them about me. I'm so fucking stupid.

“Want a kiss Richie?” says a distorted voice that sounds like its coming from the direction of the statue. Richie puts his glasses back on and looks in disbelief at the statue that has disappeared.

What the fuck?

Richie looks to his right and is alarmed when he sees that the statue has come alive. It swings its giant axe at Richie but smashes the bench instead as Richie hurries away. Richie's glasses fall off as he drops to the ground.

It's not real. It's not real. It's not real.

He opens his eyes and turns around to find the statue back on its podium and the bench intact. As Richie calms down from the encounter with the clown, he thinks about Connor. He betrayed him and ruined the only place in Derry where he thought he could be safe. Richie now knew the answer to Connor's earlier question; humans really can turn into monsters.

3. Duality of Love

With no friends and no more trips to the arcade, the rest of the summer for Richie was beginning to look bleak. Richie struggles to wakes up the following morning but when he finally does, he grabs some food from the kitchen before retreating to his bedroom with a comic book. His mother takes notice of her usually loudmouthed son's strange behaviour. After a few hours, he re-emerges from his room and slumps down onto the couch next to his Mom. Maggie looks over at her son who clearly isn't paying much attention to the television show.

"How is Eddie?"

"fine" he shrugs switching through the channels.

"and the other boys?"

"they're fine too"

"Did you boys have a falling out?"

"I guess".

"Just unusual for my little man to be stuck in the house with his Mother during summer" she says patting his shoulder. "Whatever happened, I'm sure you'll be able to sort it out".

"yeah" Richie smiles half-heartedly.

The next day, Richie decides to go for a bike ride, mostly because he didn't want his Mother to worry about him again but also because he wanted to do something. Maggie notices her son leaving and reaches into her pocket.

"Don't tell your Father" she says handing Richie extra pocket money.
"Go invite your friends to the arcade"

"Thanks, Mom".

Maggie watches her son grab his bike and ride down the street until

she can no longer see him. Richie passes by Eddie's house and shutters at the thought of Mrs K. He thinks about how Mrs K. probably has Eddie locked up in a cage. He only hoped that Eddie wasn't being subjected to a whole new cocktail of medicine. Eddie sure did love his Mother, despite what she put him through. Richie remembered one time when he was younger, and Eddie came into school feeling nauseous. Richie knew it was because he was taking new medication, but Eddie had insisted that his Mother knew what was best for him. When Richie tried to tell his own Mom what had happened, she told him to stay out of people's business.

Richie makes his way to pasture road, passing the Paul Bunyan statue. He remembers sitting with Connor, the boy he thought had liked him back. Although Connor had betrayed him, Richie couldn't help but replay their moments together over and over again in his mind. He was afraid that he would never feel that way again. He was relieved to see that the Paul Bunyan statue was, well, acting like a statue and staying put. He was not in the mood for dealing with the psycho clown again. Richie continued riding his bike towards the kissing bridge. He sighs at the ridiculous thoughts he had just a few days ago. Richie's mom had once told him that the rumour in Derry was that if you kissed your loved one on the kissing bridge, your love would last forever. Richie wondered if kissing Connor would have worked since he didn't exactly love Connor. Richie cringed at the 'R + C' he had carved into the wood. He had wanted it engraved in Derry forever, even if Connor returned to California and forgot about Richie. He loved the idea of being in love with Connor. Richie dreamt about visiting Connor in California which seemed so silly now. He was annoyed at himself for not having known better.

Richie ran his hand along the fresh carving and felt his eyes filling up with tears. It was his first and only chance at romance in Derry but it had quickly left him feeling disgusting. Richie looked at the other initials written on the kissing bridge and wondered how many of them were people just daydreaming of being with someone. Richie easily knew whose initials he should have carved instead. Richie grabs his switchblade from his pocket and puts a line in the centre of the 'C'.

"What are you doing Rich?" Richie is startled by the voice.

“Holy shit, you scared me shitless Eddie”

Eddie stood looking down at Richie as he tried to cover the carving.

“Who is the unfortunate girl this time?”

Eddie goes on his tippy toes to try to take a look at the initials.

“R + E, wait let me guess...Richie and Erica Anderson?”

“Fuck no, she looks like an actual duck” Richie can feel his face heat up. “It’s your mom’s initials, EM for Eddie’s Mom, I still need to add the M”

“Fuck you Richie, that’s so fucking nasty. Besides she hates your guts right now”

“yeah I know, we’ve been hate fucking but I’ve been thinking lately about finally tying the knot” Eddie squints his eyes in total repulsion “I’ll be your Father, Eds”

Eddie rolls his eyes, clenching his fists. “I swear to fricking Christ Rich, where do you come up with this shit?”

“I dunno, it just comes to me....It’s a gift” Richie places his hands under his chin and smiles gleefully at Eddie. “Anyways, Eds, I thought your Mom would have you stuck in the hospital for the rest of the summer”

“Well I got lots of scans done and x-rays. The doctor just gave me a cast and sent me home, but my Mom started shouting at him, threatening to press charges for patient negligence”

“Oh shit”

“Yeah, she only let me outside for the first time a few days ago cause she’s been reading about the importance of vitamin D from the sun and...”

“I’ll show her the importance of vitamin D” Richie snickers moving his hands in a suggestive way.

“Beep beep Richie” Eddie shoves Richie to stop him. “Anywho, so... she decided that I could go outside and get my prescription”. Eddie sits next to Richie who still has his back against the carving. Richie looks at Eddie’s cast which Eddie has now covered with his other hand.

“Wait...did someone already draw a dick on your cast before me. Give me a look at it”

“uhm no...Greta wrote loser on it yesterday and I can’t get it off. I even tried my Mom’s nail polish remover and It did nothing!”

“Hold on...you were talking to a girl? Is she going steady with my Eddie Spaghetti?” Richie teases, elbowing Eddie.

“ Don’t call me that Rich. Actually, she told me the medicine that I take are pla..cebos or something”

“I think it’s gazebos but holy shit, I knew it!”

“Gazebos? Yeah...that kinda sounds right actually. Anyway, they’re bullshit!” He exclaims. “Greta was right though...I’m just a loser for believing that my Mother was trying to help me”

“Well, if you are a loser, we’ll both be losers together right?”

“Thanks Rich” Eddie looks at Richie with sad eyes. “I miss us”

“I miss us too...it’s...it’s been boring without the loser club” Richie looks longingly into Eddie’s eyes and places his hand onto Eddie’s shoulder.

“I miss the guys too and Bev but I was talking about us Richie”

“Oh, I missed you too Eddie”

“Ma has lied to me my entire life and has been nothing but selfish. But you were always there to protect me”. Richie felt a glimmer of happiness as his heart dared to hope again.

“You’re the best Richie”

“Uhm Eddie?”

“Yeah Rich?”

“The E stands for you, for Eddie, idiot”

Eddie turns to Richie, confusion etched on his face.

“Richie, I already know that. I know it stands for Eddie's Mom. You want to fuck my Mom Richie, I know. Shut the fuck up already about it. I'm so sick of this shit. I don't say that about your Mom, Richie. I could”. Richie facepalms as Eddie goes on a rant for what feels like an eternity. Eddie continues to talk quickly with rapid hand gestures.

“I could start talking about how I want to fuck your Mother. Oh Richie, I want to fuck your Mother. I want to fuck Maggie Tozier. Maggie Tozier, why won't you fuck me? How about that? How does that make you feel Richie? It doesn't feel good huh? You know why? You fucking know why it doesn't feel good? Cause it's fucking gross Rich. It's disgusting. She's like three times my age and...” Eddie gasps for air before reaching for his inhaler.

“Eddie” Richie holds onto Eddie's hand. “Eddie”. As Eddie calms down his face turns from confusion to a look of realisation.

“Oh”

4. This is the Day

“Eddie” Richie holds onto Eddie’s hand. “Eddie”. As Eddie calms down his face turns from confusion to a look of realisation.

“Oh”

Richie taps his feet rapidly on the ground, waiting for Eddie to respond with something other than ‘Oh’. Eddie suddenly pokes Richie’s cheek.

“What the dick, Eds?” Richie exclaims, rubbing his face.

“Just making sure you are real and not that freaking clown. ”

“Why the fuck Eddie would that psychotic clown tell you something like that?”

Eddie shrugs. The two boys sit in silence again until Eddie turns to Richie.

“Well you’re just fucking with me”

“I’m...not”

They turn quiet again. Eddie bites his lip, sitting with his back against the the ‘R’ carved on the fence and looks out at the canal. “So... you actually...**like** like me then?

Richie averts his eyes from Eddie and sighs. “Fuck Eds, Don’t make me say it”.

“Holy shit Rich!”

“Ok, Ok Come on Eds. I’m pouring out my feelings here and you’re freaking out on me”.

Eddie squints his eyes and pinches his eyebrows together. “Pouring out your feelings Rich? Pouring out your feelings? Do you know how freaking cryptic you are being right now? And you’re telling me that I’m freaking out? You’re unbelievable” Eddie grabs at his inhaler

again and takes a deep breath. "I just...I just need to think for a sec"

"You won't... tell anyone, will you?" Richie readjusts his glasses.

"Course not Rich"

Richie gives Eddie a bittersweet smile. "Thanks, Eddie".

"I'm just surprised. I mean you spent the whole summer talking about...fucking...my Mom"

"And you know what? I blame your Mother. honestly. She turned me!" Richie gives a 'woe is me' pose, falling into Eddie's lap. Eddie gives a sigh of exasperation as he pushes Richie off him.

"Still the same old Richie". Eddie couldn't help but smile. "But uhm... how did you know?"

"I dunno. I mean I'm still not really sure. I just..."

"You just like me huh?" Eddie chuckles

"Shut up!"

"...but what about Jack Baker from Trig?"

"What about Jack Baker from Trig?"

"I mean he's..." Eddie looks at Richie with wide eyes, nodding his head in approval.

"Sure, he's good looking" Richie shrugs.

"good looking? He's like a younger version of Matt Dillion! He's freakin gorgeous"

"Why don't you go suck face with him then if he's so handsome?"

"It's just a fact that he's hot. It's not like I have a crush on him"

"You sure about that Eds?". Eddie rolls his eyes.

"So, have you kissed someone...that helped you figure it out?"

“Yes”

“Really? who?”

“Your Mom.” Richie bursts into laughter.

“What’s so fucking funny?”

“Ok sorry, sorry, No. I’m a complete smooch virgin. ”

“Well...that’s what I thought. The losers are all in the same boat”

“Except for Bill and Bev who are probably smooching as we speak. Fuck those guys. You nearly died because of them”

“Yeah. At least you got to finally spend your summer inside the arcade though, right?”

“Sure but It wasn’t as fun as I had expected”. Richie thinks back to Connor. “Being alone and nearly getting the shit beat out of you by the Bowers gang, isn’t exactly my idea of fun.”

“Fuck, what happened?”

“Long story. Involves the arcade and Henry Bower’s cousin who I didn’t actually know was his cousin”

“He has a cousin?”

“His name was Connor and he wasn’t really like Henry, not at first at least”

“I can’t imagine two Henry Bowers. They would definitely mash potato us both into the ground”

“Yeah, Connor turned out to be a total dick.”

“Can’t say I’m shocked, Rich, but that sucks”

“He was a really good....friend at first”

“How could a Bowers be cool?”

"I mean we played Street Fighter together and he was good at it. And...wait...give me your hand Eddie. I wanna show you something."

"Why do you need my hand?"

"Just give me your hand Eddie!"

He hesitantly reaches his hand out as Richie leans in closer to Eddie.

"So, just basically do this." Richie puts Eddie's palm on top of his and shows him how to drag his fingers across his as they separate. As their hands are about to separate, Richie holds onto Eddie's hand and squeezes it softly. Eddie lets go and Richie sighs with regret. "Your hands are so sweaty Eddie, jeez. Sweatier than your Mom's..."

"Oh, Fuck you dickwad!" Eddie interrupts.

"...than your Mom's vagina." Richie looks proud for delivering yet another joke about Eddie's Mom. Eddie looks up to the sky and lets out a sigh, trying to remain calm and not get into another rant. After a while, he begins rummaging around in his fanny pack.

"Uh Rich. Close your eyes". A blank look appears on Richie's face before closing his eyes. "And uh open your mouth". Richie does so, holding his breath, his heart pounding against his chest. He feels Eddie's hand lightly touching his neck followed by a sudden spritz of mint assaulting his mouth.

"What the fuck is that?" Richie groaned, coughing and waving his hands in front of his face in disgust.

"Your breath reeked! Did you know that this spray kills 99% of bad breath germs? Maybe that's the real reason you're called trash mouth"

"You know, it's a good thing you're a cutie, Eddie Spaghetti". Richie scrunches his nose in disgust as the taste lingers on his tongue. Eddie puts his head on Richie's shoulder.

"You okay Eduardo"

"Just thinking"

"Of?"

"It's just...I keep getting this awful feeling like something bad is going to happen, Rich. That thing is still out there and we are the only ones who know it exists...Shit Richie, we were the only kids ever to escape from it...and... what if he never goes into hibernation? Will we have to live in constant fear until we graduate from high school?"

"I know Eds. It's really fucked up. But...he's going to go asleep. I'm sure of it. Ben did all that research on Derry and the clown always fucks off for 27 years. By the time he comes back, we will be long gone from here. I promise."

"Thanks, Rich"

"That's exactly why I told Bill that if we stay out of it's way, it will eventually get bored and get into its jammies. We can go enjoy our summer and I don't have to worry about you. You know, we could have lost you that day Eds and I couldn't...fuck Eddie...I couldn't do anything to save you. I just froze"

Eddie puts his arm on Richie's chest. "Richie, my Mom has always told me about 'what if' scenarios. What if I had broken my arm in a way where I needed to get surgery? What if I had broken my neck instead and could never walk again? What if I died that day in the house on Neibolt Street? But I realised that the only thing that matters is reality. I didn't die Richie. Look, I'm here with you now. Even if we're apart, I'll always be with you."

"Thanks Eds. You know, you're braver than you think. Don't you ever forget that"

Eddie smiles shyly. He lifts his head from Richie's shoulder. He gently leans in and kisses Richie's soft lips. They pull apart and take shaky, shallow breaths.

"Wow"

Author's Note:

Hello! Thank you for reading <3 I haven't written anything in a long time so I'm super rusty. The title of this story is from the song of the same name by Gorillaz. It's a really beautiful song.

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